

drown by themundaneweirdo

Series: [hold my breath \(and let it bury me\)](#) [1]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, Backstory, Bad Parenting, Billy Hargrove Needs Love, Billy Tries To Be A Good Brother, Brother/Sister Incest, Discussion of Abortion, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, F/M, Hurt/Comfort, Implied Sexual Content, Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con, Minor Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Neil Hargrove Being an Asshole, Parent/Child Incest, Pedophilia, Pregnancy, Protective Billy Hargrove, Sad Billy Hargrove, Sibling Incest, Step-Sibling Incest, Step-siblings, Teen Pregnancy, Triggers, Unplanned Pregnancy

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Eleven | Jane Hopper (implied), Jim "Chief" Hopper (implied), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Neil Hargrove, Original Female Character(s), Susan Hargrove

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Billy Hargrove/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair (implied), Neil Hargrove/Susan Hargrove

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-07-15

Updated: 2018-07-15

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:13:31

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Rape/Non-Con, Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,040

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

Billy should've known better.

drown

Author's Note:

I don't know why I wrote this, but I wrote it in one day.

I'm surprised how good it came out, although I may change it later. All mistakes are my own.

Listen to Drown by Bring Me The Horizon.

Billy should've known better. He is the older of the two, he's the one who is going to get into trouble, the one to get all the blame even though he didn't comply right away. It would be all too easy to pin something like this on him, make him even more of a monster than he already is, make Hawkins truly hate him after this. He thinks it might be karma for his years of fitful youth, going through girl after girl without a care in the world, and he guarantees he's taken more virginities than he has fingers.

He's a serial lover. Billy likes the opposite sex, no doubt, and he might find some certain boys cute, but he would never say that out loud. He enjoys the act of sex itself, the release it gives him when things get too tense with Neil. His father can drive him insane with just his presence, and he irritates Billy further when he starts bitching and yelling at him about God knows what. They've always fought, but the fights didn't get too bad until they moved to Hawkins.

He can still remember that last week in California, spent with several different girls of different races and backgrounds. Morgan, one with the long blonde hair that she liked to have pulled. Stephanie, the whore that dropped to her knees every time Billy would even grab his crotch. And Rachel, the dark skinned girl with a beautiful Afro; she was something else. She knew how to make Billy tick, make him beg and whine for her. She had him wrapped around her finger, tight like a vice, wild like an animal. He would've ate his own cum out of her if that's what she wanted.

She was the one who introduced him to what would soon be his

biggest desire and biggest nightmare.

Morgan had a friend named Charlotte, and she was a cute little thing. She had small perky breasts, narrow hips, and filled out thighs that could've killed Billy if she'd kept them wrapped around his head long enough. And her face, her eyes, her hair. God, Billy could've buried himself in those auburn locks, could've swam in her blue-green eyes, and could've played connect-the-dots with all her freckles. She was so beautiful, something he'd never had before. He'd never considered fair skinned redheads attractive, but God he would've brought her to Hawkins if he could've.

Billy had both Morgan and Charlotte at the same time a few times before he left, and while Morgan knew how to make him bend and break, the redhead didn't know what she was doing, and Billy took great pleasure in showing her how to please a man and herself.

One time, Morgan was riding him while Charlotte sat on his face, the dark skinned girl moaning loud because she knew she was feeling all eight inches of Billy. Charlotte, however, very hesitantly made any noise, and wouldn't move her hips too much because she was scared to hurt his face. He thought it was cute when she covered her mouth, face already flushed and the other hand fisted his hair. She didn't know how to take her pleasure, to enjoy it while Billy was giving it out free.

It wasn't long until Morgan had orgasmed around him and he followed suit, the white liquid already dripping out of her. She was sated, feeling Billy soften inside her, but Morgan saw his tense her friend was. Almost as if they had a linked mind, the black girl suddenly pulled Charlotte back so she was laying against her chest, and Billy leaned up and nearly devoured her cunt. The red heads voice cracked with how loud she was screaming, and then what made it hotter was when she orgasmed; she squirted. Billy had never seen something so hot.

Looking back, Billy wishes he would've been more picky with his women, and maybe he wouldn't be in this situation.

His stepsister reminded him a lot of Charlotte when he first met her, but smaller, more innocent. Max didn't bother him at all to begin

with. They avoided each other because neither of them wanted a step-sibling, so Billy took no notice her, and Max did the same toward him. They lived day in and day out without ever speaking a word, stealing a glance, or even passing one another in the hallway of their small house. It was fine, they didn't care, and they only ever saw each other at the dinner table.

Billy thought she was cute, enough so to attract boys, so when Susan took notice of her daughters looks, she had asked Billy to watch out for her. He agreed, obviously; he didn't want anyone taking advantage a twelve year old. He dropped her off at school and picked her up, took her to the skate park for her lessons and stayed until she was done, and if she needed to go anywhere, Billy grabbed his keys, grunted, and told her to hurry up. That was during the week days, though, but on the weekends, Max didn't seen him. He was out with his lady friends, and the occasional guy.

Neil never trusted Billy, he never let him stray too far out of line, so when Neil found him in bed with a boy, well, Billy wasn't too surprised. The move to Indiana is what surprised him.

That's where the fights got bad, became physical and left Billy feeling sore and weak despite his muscles. Neil had a power over him like no other, even other the house because Susan never stepped in, and Max didn't care to get her face smacked. Billy got all of it, the brunt of every punch and slap, the force of how bad each blow felt and how strong Neil's words felt as the pierced his skin. It drove him to start drinking and smoking, and soon enough his name was spray painted in paint and blood in Hawkins. The towns people despised him, the girls were wet and willing, some of the fags, too, and the kids were scared of him.

He just wanted Neil to fear him.

The summer before his senior year, his second and last school year in Hawkins, he began to notice how Neil's gaze shifted from Susan to Max almost overnight. It could've been a slow change, something over time as Max filled out more a young woman and started to become more independent, but when Billy noticed it one night while he was sitting at the dinner table with Max sitting beside him, being unknowingly watched by her stepfather, he felt his stomach drop.

Billy couldn't make out what his dad had planned, something sinister more than likely, but he wasn't taking that chance.

No man should look at his step-child like that, especially when that child's mother is chatting happily right beside him, saying something about what she has planned for their anniversary. Neil didn't care, too focused on Max, the way her hair flowed down, how her shirts had started to look tighter around her chest and butt, her waist now narrower. Billy didn't know what to do about it, but the worry didn't ease when he laid down that night, shirtless and in his boxers. He couldn't shake the feeling of something sinister happening in the house, despite the constant beatings he receives that should've told him to stop being nosey.

His door opened around 1 am, and he turned in his bed, fully expecting to find Neil there with a gun in his hand and threats spilling out his throat that if anyone found out how he was looking at Max, he'd kill Billy. But instead, Max stepped in, her pj shorts and white tee shirt covering her in the barest way. She closed the door and then tiptoed to Billy's bed as he sat up, hair ruffled and messy. He was so confused as to why she was sneaking into his room at this time at night, or why she was sneaking in at all.

"I don't feel so good, so can I... can I sleep with you tonight?"

Billy saw through her lie. He knew she wasn't sick, uncomfortable and scared, maybe, but sick wasn't it. He nodded, not caring to ask any question because he understands her fear of Neil, and no matter how annoying the twerp might be, Billy wouldn't ever wish something like that upon her. He got out of bed while Max climbed on, grabbing a pillow and turning to the wall. He put on some sleeping pants for decency, and crawled back in, but he stayed on the edge of the bed. He didn't want to touch her and make her uncomfortable, didn't want her to lose whatever feeling of comfortability she had in the house.

Billy was just about to drift back to sleep when he felt Max tug his arm. He opened his eyes to see her own blue orbs looking over her shoulder at him. "Will you put your arm around me?"

Sleepy, but still awake enough to process her request, he scooted

until his bare chest was flush to her clothed back, and his arm wrapped around her securely. He felt her relax in his hold, and it wasn't long until they'd both fell asleep, comfortable and harm in the small bed in Billy's room.

Susan had asked Max why she slept in Billy's room the next morning, and the redhead girl said she had a nightmare and didn't want to wake up her parents. Billy nodded to agree, shoveling cereal into his mouth. At the time, neither of them had known that Neil had went into his sons room that night, watching the blonde teenagers arm around the fair skinned thirteen year old. He stood there a good five minutes, lowly growling because his stupid son had messed up his plan.

Susan dropped the subject of nightmares just before she and Neil left for work, telling Max to mind her step-brother since he'll be babysitting her on that Saturday, and they were quickly out the door. Not quick enough for Billy not to notice the dark look on his dad's face.

As soon as they were out the door, Max said something about a shower before scampering off to the bathroom. Not that Billy cared, it wasn't his concern, but it made him feel better that they were alone and without Neil. At least Max could relax for a little while before they returned from work. He couldn't imagine what was going through Neil's demented, horrible head. The sick pervert probably wanted to screw around and take advantage of Max, to take whatever innocence she had left since they'd moved. It was wrong in every way, and it made the hairs on the back of Billy's neck stand up.

It wasn't long and Billy had to pee. There was only one bathroom in the house, so he waited for the shower to shut off before he knocked.

"Max, I gotta piss. Are you covered?"

He heard rustling and mumbling. "Yeah, I'm covered."

Billy opened the door and stepped in, and accidentally caught an eye full of a small breast before Max adjusted her towel. She didn't seem notice, brushing past Billy as she went to room to change, but he still felt bad. He felt like Neil in that moment, because he'd seen a part of

his sister that he wasn't supposed to, and he didn't apologize. She didn't know, or at least didn't act to know, but he felt as though he'd taken something from her. Her decency, he'd taken a little of her decency. He peed and left the bathroom without looking back.

Their relationship as siblings didn't change much after that besides Max sleeping in Billy's bed almost every night. She said she just felt safer, and Billy pretended not to know what she was talking about even though he saw how Neil's expression never change towards either of them; the older man still had desire in his eyes for Max and disgust for Billy. But, the blonde never pushed her away and let her take comfort in him, in having someone big and strong to protect her. Max told Susan that her room was cold and Billy's was warmer, and the older redhead didn't see anything wrong with it, so she didn't mind. Neil obviously did.

"Do you see it?," Max asked one night. Her small fingers were playing with Billy's hand, spreading out his palm out so it was flat on her belly. It wasn't usual for Max to make conversation at night, but when she did, it was deep.

"See what?"

"The way he looks at me."

Billy went stiff behind her, his blue eyes wide in the dark room. She was thirteen, so of course, she'd noticed how her step-fathers eyes lingered too long on her, the strange look in his eyes never ceased to make her feel uneasy. He held her impossibly closer, his nose burying in her hair and tried to calm his breathing. He felt her belly rise as her own breath had got fast, and she suddenly turned and buried herself in Billy's chest. He felt the wet tears on her cheeks.

"I told Lucas, and he told me to go to the police, but you'll protect me, won't you? Billy, you'll protect me?"

Even the mention of her little boyfriend couldn't annoy him, because Max was asking something of him that he couldn't say no to. He would never let that monster touch her, breathe near her if he had his way, but they're still living with their parents, so some things would be difficult. Max couldn't avoid Neil all the time, and there

would be times where he'd do something that would seem fatherly to Susan, but Billy and Max would both know that he's just trying to get his hands on her.

Billy shook his head and squeezed her tight in his arms. "I've got you, okay? He won't hurt you, I won't let him."

Then, the married couple decided they needed a weekend getaway to escape their everyday life. Susan already had a hotel booked, Neil was making plans, and Billy felt a little better knowing Max will be left home with him, safe and out of Neil's reach. They left barely a day after they announced it, in the early morning and they waved by to their kids as the drove off, Billy leaning against the porch door shirtless with a cigarette in his mouth, while Max stood in her pjs and actually waved to her mom. Even with their shitty living situation, Billy had admired her genuine care for Susan.

Billy decided it was okay to let Max go out and hang out with her friends, she was a good kid and she didn't get into much trouble since their understanding of how Neil felt about her, so he dropped her off at lunch the same day before going by the liquor store and stocked up on alcohol and cigarettes.

This is about where his memory gets fuzzy. He remembers going home, and cracking open his first case of beer. He remembers watching MTV and smoking a good amount of cigarettes, and the sun had slowly but surely went down. Someone had dropped Max off, and he ordered her to go shower before she did anything else. Apparently, she had been playing in the woods with Chief Hopper's daughter, and she smelt like the summer heat had finally gotten to her. He had drank four more beers from his second case by the time she emerged from the bathroom.

She was only in a towel, and Billy doesn't remember exactly how, but she had somehow clambered onto his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck. He was too drunk to stop her, and she only sat there for a little bit, unmoving and calm, so he didn't mind. Her weight was actually nice in his lap, light but definitely there.

But then, she kissed his cheeks innocently, smiling afterwards. He thought it was weird, but he didn't say anything, he figured she was

just being tender because she is a girl. She kept pecking his cheek until she became bold and moved to his lips, and he stopped her.

“What the fuck?!,” he nearly yelled and pushed her out of his lap. He might’ve been drunk, but he knew his boundaries. She stumbled and almost fell, but she caught herself, her hair whipping around her like fire. His vision of her was blurry, and for a second, he saw Charlotte, the beautiful redhead that was innocent and shy.

He didn’t stop her when she stepped forward, too caught up in the image of his heavenly angel from California, and he felt his resolve melt away when she touched him again.

He didn’t stop her when Max, Charlotte, whichever it was, pushed his red button down off his shoulders, or when she attached her mouth to his, when his own hand came up to snatch the towel off her body. Billy didn’t take the time to notice how soft her body was, practically hairless when his hands learned every inch of her skin, the alcohol in his blood making him feel on fire. He didn’t notice how that wasn’t Charlotte’s woman body, that is was a child’s body, soft and small.

It was Max he felt up, made her gasp, had taken every ounce of her innocence on the living room couch.

Looking back, Billy should’ve made her stay in her own bed after that one night, but he also knows that if he did that, she wouldn’t be sitting in his Camaro right now. She would probably be somewhere else with Susan, far off and away from Billy. Like Hell that's gonna happen on his watch.

“What do you want to do?”

Max shrugs her shoulders, avoiding her step-brothers eye contact. “It doesn’t matter what I want, because sooner or later mom and Neil will find out and won’t let me have a choice.”

Billy curses under his breath, because he really, really should’ve known better.

Author's Note:

I may change the ending later on.

Comments are my fuel!